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NANKA'S LEAP YEAR VENTURE;

—OR,—

How She Settled Her Bills.

—o—

A COMEDIETTA

IN ONE ACT,

—BY—

SHETTEL and GEORGE.

—o—

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—TO WHICH IS ADDED—

A DESCRIPTION OF THE COSTUMES—CAST OF THE CHARACTERS—ENTRANCES AND EXITS—RELATIVE POSITIONS OF THE PERFORMERS ON THE STAGE, AND THE WHOLE OF THE STAGE BUSINESS.

—x—

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—x—

—CLYDE, OHIO:—
AMES' PUBLISHING CO.

1891

CAST OF CHARACTERS.

NANKA.....*An Actress*
CLARA.....*A Maid*
NED CENTLINE.....*A reporter*
PATRICK DUFFY.....*Hosiery Importer*
HERR YOHANN.....*Hair Dresser*
MONSIEUR LA DEBONNAIRE.....*Costumer*
SIGNOR NICOLETTE.....*Wine Dealer*
Two Employes.

PS635
.Z95565

—x—

COSTUMES.

NANKA—Handsome street costume; black straw hat.

CLARA—Maids dress and apron.

NED CENTLINE—White flannel coat and trousers; neglige shirt; black sash; black straw hat. For second entrance, dress suit; linen duster and silk hat.

PATRICK DUFFY—Black cutaway coat; plaid vest, green and black; black trousers; calico shirt and standing collar; black stripe tie; high, white tile; ordinary shoes with white canvass over-gaiters.

HERR YOHANN—Linen duster; plaid vest, black and red; black trousers; neglige shirt; large red tie; black cape; ordinary shoes.

MONSIEUR LA DEBONNAIRE—Black Prince Albert coat and trousers; white shirt; high standing collar; red puff tie; silk hat; kid gloves; patent leather shoes. Should have mustache and gotee.

SIGNOR NICOLLETE—Bluck cutaway coat; white vest; white shirt; standing collar; white tie; black trousers; small slouch hat; patent leather shoes.

—x—

SUGGESTIONS.

Yohann should be padded to represent a very fleshy person. Nicollete must be small of stature. On first entrance, male characters should enter hat in hand; second entrance, wearing them.

—x—

TIME—40 MINUTES.

—x—

STAGE DIRECTIONS.

R., means Right; L., Left; R. H., Right Hand; L. H., Left Hand; C., Centre; S. E. [2d E.,] Second Entrance; U. E., Upper Entrance; M. D., Middle Door; F., the Flat. D. F., Door in Flat; R. C., Right of Centre; L. C., Left of Centre.

R.	R. C.	C.	L. C.	L.

*** The reader is supposed to be upon the stage facing the audience.

Nanka's Leap Year Venture.

SCENE—Interior of parlor in Nanka's summer residence—open window, L., *screen at rear—tables, and chairs,* R.*—hand mirror, books and letters on table—*CLARA *seated in rattan rocker reading yellow covered novel and dangling duster in one hand.*

Clara. Oh, my! forty-five pages yet. I'll not be able to finish this. (*looking at last page*) Oh, yes, he married her, of course. Well, I've had quite a snap of it to-day. Nanka in town and nothing for me to do but read novels. (*reads*

Nanka. (*laughing outside*) Run along, Fido! run along, Fido!

Clara. Oh, there she is. I must make a pretense of work.

Leaps to her feet, throws novel on table and begins to ply duster vigorously.

Enter, NANKA, L.

Nanka. Good evening, Clara. Busy as usual?

Clara. Yes. I'm never happy unless plying broom or brush.

NANKA *removes hat and places on table—she observes letters.*

Nanka. Letters! When did they come?

(NANKA *picks up mirror and arranges hair*

Clara. The postman brought them while I was assisting the pug in his morning ablutions. (*aside*) That purp hasn't touched water for six weeks.

Nanka. I believe Fido takes well to his daily baths. I notice he is growing quite plump and frisky. They must be very beneficial.

Clara. Yes, indeed. It would do your heart good to

see how the little fellow enjoys the water when I put him into it. Mr. Centline says I ought to hold him under the water for about an hour.

Nanka. Oh, Mr. Centline is cruel. He has an aversion to dear little Fido. (*dog barks outside*) There, there, Clara, you must go at once and look after Fido. Perhaps the dear little thing is fast in the hedge.

NANKA *places mirror on table and seats herself in rocker*

Clara. Oh, poor doggie! (*aside*) Gracious! I wish he were caught in the lawn mower. (*exit* L.

Nanka. What an attentive girl. In her I have a jewel. (*picks up letter*) I hope these letters are not the silly effusions of stupid mashers. (*opens letter with pin from her hair*) Ah, this is from Mr. Centline. What has he to say? (*reads*) "My dear Nanka," (*laughs*) How the poor boy adores me! (*reading*) "You can expect me this afternoon at four. I have something important to discuss with you. NED." Would that the others contained as much good news as that. Ned is an admirable reporter. (*throws letter aside*) There is point and meaning in every word he writes, and you, Nanka, owe a little of your popularity to his ready pen. (*picks up second letter and opens*) Poor, hard-working boy! he goes on increasing the fame of his newspaper while he never gives a thought to his own. Here goes for No. 2. (*takes letter from envelope and reads*) "Madam:—I am very much in need of cash, and am compelled to call at your residence this afternoon. Trusting that you will be able to pay something on enclosed bill, I am, yours very respectfully, PATRICK DUFFY, importer of fine silk hose; 72 Cheatem street." I will have to put him off with a promise. Perhaps he will take, for part payment, my testimonial as to the excellent wearing quality of his imported silk hose. Next! (*opens third letter and reads*) "My dear madam:—I will come the house around this afternoon sharp, and hope you will be able to pay up, as I am much monies in need of. Hoping you will oxcuse everything, I am, yours truthfully, HERR YOHANN, hair dresser; 64 Rhine street." Mercy! I must hit upon some plan to rid myself of these duns. (*opens another letter and glances at it*) Ah, this is a bill from Monsieur La Debonnaire. my costumer. He will call this afternoon. I shall have to pay a little on this bill for I must have new costumes to appear in the "Tambourine Girl." What

will I do? I wonder what this last contains? (*opens remaining letter*) Horrors! A wine bill from Signor Nicolette. He will call, too. (*places letter on table*) Well, I hope they won't all call at once. Fate cannot be so cruel to me! If that soap firm, whose goods I have endorsed, would only remit! They have my testimonials in all the magazines, but not a penny have I received. I might borrow money from Mr. Centline, if he only had it.

Enter, CLARA, L., *hurriedly.*

Clara. Mr. Centline has just entered the gate and is coming up the walk.

Nanka. Oh, mercy! I must get these letters out of the way! (*places them in novel*) And my hair! (*arranging hair*) Clara, see that tea is prepared at once.

(*exit*, CLARA, L.

Enter, NED, C.

Ned. Darling!

Nanka. (*rising*) My dear boy! (*they sit on sofa*

Ned. Well, little girl, I came here to deliver good news.

Nanka. What is it? Quick! Don't keep me in suspense!

Ned. The chief has installed me to the position of city editor, and I can now seriously consider something that has been weighing heavily on my mind for quite a while. Something which concerns both you and I.

Nanka. I do not comprehend.

Ned. Can you not guess?

Nanka. Yes—that is, I might.

Ned. Listen, Nanka. For the last three months we have been much in each other's society. Was it mere friendship that drew us together?

Nanka. I think it was something more.

Ned. I think so, too, Nanka.

Nanka. Well?

Ned. Do you reciprocate the love I lavish upon you? Will you marry me?

Nanka. Oh! really, this is so sudden!

Ned. Rats!

Nanka. What can I say, but yes?

Ned. All right. I have planned an elopement. That

will be the best for us both. It will boom your business and mine, too.

Nanka. How thougtful of you, Ned.

Ned. (*looking at watch*) I must get back to the office on the next train.

Nanka. Will you not remain for tea?

Neh. Sorry, pet, I can't do it. I must see that a two-column sensational account of this affair is written up for my paper, and I must give other reporters a tip, also. We want to make all we can out of this.

(*takes pencil and book from pocket*

Nanka. I can be ready by six.

Ned. How will you be attired?

Nanka. I will wear a traveling dress of checked cheviot with fore aft cap to match.

Ned. You will look stunning in that! Is there anything else I might jot down? (*writes*

Nanka. I can think of nothing.

Ned. (*replacing book*) Jove! won't your pack of suitors have their ardor chilled when this gets out. You had an army of dudes at your heels, and tradesmen and business men, too. There is Dnffy, the hosiery dealer, and Yohann, the hair dresser, and your costumer, La Debonnaire, and that dark little Italian, Nicolette, the wine merchant. I have heard them all raving over you. They will want to go gunning for me when they read it all in the morning papers! (*rising from sofa*) Well, good-bye, charmer. I must make the best of what little time I yet have. (NANKA *rises*

Nanka. Good-bye, Ned. Be prompt; don't keep me waiting.

Ned. You will not have to wait. Be sure you have your gloves buttoned by the time I arrive.

(*kisses her and exit* C.

Nanka. I will not have much time to spare for the journey. Like Ned, I will be rushed with business. I must rid myself of these creditors, too. I have a plan! I think I can handle them easily, now.

(*seats herself in rattan rocker*

Enter, CLARA, L., *with tea and biscuit.*

Clara. The tea has a fine aroma. (*places tray on table*) Beats boarding house tea all hollow!

Nanka. Yes; I will strike enough of that on the road this

season. By the way, Clara, you will have to get my traveling dress out—that checked cheviot—and give it a thorough brushing. I am going away at six and will wear it.

Clara. Very well; I will see to it at once.

(*bell rings outside*

Nanka. A caller!

Clara. Are you at home?

Nanka. If it is one of my tradesmen, show him in, by all means. (*exit* CLARA, C.

Nanka. (*drinking tea*) Here's success to my little scheme.

Enter PATRICK DUFFY, C.

Pat. Good avenin' this avenin'.

(NANKA *puts down tea and greets him*

Nanka. Good evening, Mr. Duffy. Find a chair.

Pat. Thot won't be harrud to do. Thor's plinty av thim here. (*aside*) Oi wondher if thar all paid for.

(PAT *seats himself on sofa*—NANKA *sits beside him*

Nanka. We are having delightful weather, Mr. Duffy.

Pat. Oi havn't took particular notice av that. Av coorse you receaved my letther wid the bill.

Nanka. Oh, yes, I was delighted to hear that you would call.

Pat. Eh? Av coorse. (*aside*) How she loies!

Nanka. Yes; I looked forward to this meeting with expectancy.

Pat. Thin if you're so deloighted to say me, no doubt you hov ther money to pay up.

Nanka. We will not talk about that now, Mr. Duffy.

Pat. An' shure, an' why not?

Nanka. There is something of more importance.

Pat. An' phot's more importhant?

Nanka. You are aware that this is leap year?

Pat. An' phot's thot got to do wid the paying av me bill? Can't ye square accounts on lape year as well as ony ither year?

Nanka. Mr. Duffy, you're so obtuse!

Pat. Shure, an' phot the divil's thot? (*aside*) Does she mane it's fat I'm gittin'? Begob, an' it's not off av her money I'm growin' stout!

Nanka. You do not comprehend. This is leap year and I now have the right to ask for what I wish.

Pat. An' phot is it yez wish?

Nanka. Your love, Patrick. Will you be mine?

Pat. Ah! this is so suddint!

Nanka. Yes, it is sudden, but I have reason to think that you cherish warm feelings toward me

Pat. Who the divil tole ye so?

Nanka. I have often noticed the admiring look you bestowed upon me from the front row. A woman understands such things, Patrick.

(PAT *gets up, moves to* C., *and tries to kick himself*

Nanka. What are you doing?

Pat. Oi want to say if Oi'm dramin'.

Nanka. No, no; it is real!

Pat. It's durruned good luck! Thin do you realy an' truly want me to marry you, me purty girrul?

Nanka. Now you are beginning to see the point.

Pat. Thin, darlint, we cannot be united too soon for me! (*they embrace*

Nanka. We must elope, dear. Will that suit you?

Pat. Onything suits me! Only so the knot is tied!

Nanka. This is what you will have to do. Come here at seven sharp. Don't let any of the servants see you. You can enter the room by that window and conceal yourself under the table. I will soon appear with a hand bag packed ready to go with you to the train. Now don't disappoint me!

Pat. Disappoint ye? Ye don't know Patrick Duffy, me darlint!

Nanka. Now, about the bill.

Pat. Oi hov a recated wan in me pocket. (*takes folded paper from pocket*) Oi'll give it to you as a prisint. (*hands her paper*

Nanka. I will carefully preserve it. It will be a souvenir of this happy hour. (*places paper on table*

Pat. Well, Oi must be afther gittin' things in readiness fer the start. I must be off! It nearly kills me to tear mesilf away so suddint, an' Oi will not go until we hov saled this contract wid a kiss!

Nanka. (*aside*) Oh, glory!

Pat. Come; stick your purty lips up here where Oi can git a fair smack at thim. (*they kiss*

Enter, CLARA, L., *with crumb tray and brush—drops them and screams—*NANKA *screams—*PAT *grabs hat and rushes out* L.—*exit,* CLARA, L.

Nanka. (*laughing*) That is one disposed of. (*bell rings*) Now for the next! I must explain this all to Clara; if I do not it will appear so ridiculous to her.

Enter, HERR YOHANN, C.

Yohann. Oxcuse me. I dought I vould valk der door drough midoudt knocking.

Nanka. Why, good evening, Mr. Yohann. I trust you are well.

Yohann. I dont'd could't gomplain. How it vas mit you?

Nanka. Oh, I am enjoying excellent health. I have been anxiously awaiting your coming. Won't you pray be seated?

YOHANN *sits in rocker and tilts back unexpectedly—he leaps out of chair to keep himself from falling.*

Yohann. Vot kind of a chair you call him?

Nanka. That is my easy chair.

Yohann. Oxactly! It vas easier to fall off den der sthay in! Dot vould be a goot chair to bractice high kicking in!

Nanka. Won't you try the sofa, Mr. Yohann?

Yohann. Yah, I tink.

(*seats himself on sofa—*NANKA *sits beside him*

Yohann. Hello, you vas goin' to sit here, too?

Nanka. If you do not object.

Yohann. Not any, whatever.

Nanka. I have so much to say to you, Mr. Yohann.

(*business of getting closer*

Yohann. I dond't vas hard of hearing!

(*business of edging away*

Nanka. I was so happy after reading your note, to know that you would call on me. It was an unexpected pleasure, I assure you, that was highly appreciated.

Yohann. I vouldn't bothered you, but I vos hard up. Of we dond't make some gollections soon, der firm vill go busted. So much vos stood oudt ve dond't got in it makes us necessary to write by our old gustomers to buck up.

Nanka. We will not discuss business matters right away. I have something more important to speak about.

Yohann. But pizness vos pizness! You bought my vigs, you bought my berfumes, you bought my gosmetics un' I vos more as tree veeks pleaching your hair un' I

dond't get no cent vor it all! Do you tink I vos in pizness to gif tings avay like dot?

Nanka. Well, you should not give it away that I had my hair bleached.

Yohann. I dond't care; I vant my boodle!

Nanka. (*closer*) Dear Mr. Yohann, will you not drop this until we speak of another matter?

Yohann. (*edging away—aside*) Seems to me she vants a goot bit off dis sofa. I gif it to her all next.

Nanka. This is leap year.

Yohann. Yah; der olt maids vas in id dis year.

Nanka. It is a season when woman is licensed to reveal her feelings toward man. (*gets closer*—YOHANN *fidgets and wipes his brow with huge bandana*) During the three weeks that you were employed in subduing the hue of my hair, I conceived a warm admiration for you. When out of your presence your face haunted me. In my dreams it was before me. (YOHANN *gets on arm of sofa and fans himself with his cap*—NANKA *edges closer*) Yohann! Yohann! can you—will you not love me? (YOHANN *leaps to his feet and struts about awkwardly*) Oh! Yohann, you will not repell me thus? (*rushes to his side*) Yohann. you will be mine!

(*drops into his arms*

Yohann. (*holding her*) Vot vould you do mit me off I vos yours?

Nanka. Love you forever.

Yohann. Dot's nice!

Nanka. Then you reciprocate?

Yoeann. Do which?

Nanka. You love me, too.

Yohann. Vy, I always liked you. Bud I dought me vos vor no goot der say somedings aboud it.

Nanka. Then, at last, two souls that loved are together.

(*releases herself*

Yohann. Dot vos der size off it, mine leetle frou.

(*chucking her under the chin*

Nanka. Will you be ready to elope with me to-night?

Yohann. Id cannot be too qwick dot ve vos married got.

Nanka. Then we will leave five minutes after seven. Call here at that hour. You must enter the house carefully—let no one see you. Hide under that sofa until I enter the room.

Yohann. All right, I vill follow mit dose directions like a pook.

Nanka. As to that bill, we can talk of that now.

Yohann. Och, mine leetle gal, dond't vorry yourself mit such nonsense. Here vas a receipted von. Vorgot dot you ever owed us. (*hands her folded paper*

Nanka. How generous you are!

(*places paper on table*

Yohann. Dond't mention it. Vell, it vas purty qwick times dot I go. Dis vos der happiest hours in all mine whole life times! Bud I must leaf you und get dings ready vor der journey.

Nanka. Do not forget the hour.

Yohann. You pet not. I vorget me qwicker mine name. Goot-bye.

Nanka. Good-bye.

Yohann. (*standing in door*) Shake hands mit yourself, Yohann, vor you vos certainly in it.

Kisses his hand at NANKA—NANKA *throws kiss—exit* YOHANN, C.

Nanka. Another debt liquidated. Nanka, I am really beginning to believe you are an actress. That last piece of acting was equal to the portico scene from Romeo and Juliet. But, oh, my! a Dutch Romeo! Who ever heard of one? (*bell rings outside*) Ah, La Debonnaire. (*seats herself at table—picks up mirror and arranges bangs*) I trust he will make a better Romeo.

Enter, LA DEBONNAIRE, C.

La D. (*bowing and scraping*) Mamzelle, bon jeur.

Nanka. (*greeting*) Ah, monsieur.

La D. Ze mait she bit me.

Nanka. Bit you? I hope not,

La D. No, no! She bit me enter witout ze—ah, what you call him? Ze formality of ze card.

Nanka. That was perfectly proper, as it was my expressed desire that you should be immediately ushered into my presence.

La D. Tank you a tousand times. (*bows profoundly*

Nanka. Come, let us sit here.

(*they seat themselves on sof a*

La D. I vish—zat ees, I hope I fint you not offented wit my note.

Nanka. Oh, no; no offense whatever. I assure you your note was a source of pleasure.

La D. (*aside*) Does she pretent? (*aloud*) Ah, you flatter me.

Nanka. No, no! I am not given to flattery.

La D. I trust not.

Nanka. I had been thinking of you before I received your note. It seems an age since we last met.

La D. It has been very long.

Nanka. And yet I have not forgotten you.

La D. Ah, mamzelle, again I zink you flatter me. (*aside*) Her tone is earnest.

Nanka. Why did you not call before? You used to see me frequently in the green-room. I surely thought you would not have forgotten me so soon. Indeed you could have saved me many hours of loneliness if you had only chosen to do so. (*sighs*

La D. I am sorry I did not know zat. (*aside*) What can she mean?

Nanka. Now you are with me at last. I am happy, and doubly so because this is leap year. Do you not like leap year?

La D. Why, mamzelle, I don't know, it vas no defference from ze other years. (*aside*) Can I hope?

Nanka. (*bluntly*) Oh, monsieur, pardon me. I once thought you cherished warmer feelings than those of mere friendship. I may have been wrong; but I—I thought —you—loved me.

La D. Vy—vy—zis ees—what you call ze name in Anglaice?—abrupt.

Nanka. Yes, it is sudden. I am of an impulsive nature. I can not restrain my feelings.

La D. I zought about dees before. You always show me great respect. I hoped, and, tank Heaven, not in vain.

Nanka. (*throwing arms about him*) My dear La Debonnaire, then you are all mine!

La D. Efry bit, dear Nanka. My heart vas always yours, but I dared not offer it.

Nanka. Would you object to eloping, my dear?

La D. Ze romanz vos ze more perfect. I vas glat you suggest it. Ze sooner ze better. Vill it be zis evening?

Nanka. This evening at ten minutes past seven. Now,

follow my instructions to the letter or we may be discovered. At the hour I mentioned, enter this room and conceal yoursely behind that screen. I will appear and we will steal away together.

Clara. (*appearing unperceived at window*) Lands alive! this woman must be running opposition to the Mormons. (*disappears*

La D. (*rising*) I vill follow ze directions. I must go now and make ze preparations.

Nanka. (*rising*) Yes; we have little time to waste. Oh, by the way, about the bill. I had quite forgotten it.

La D. It quite slipped my memory, too. (*takes folded paper from pocket and hands to* NANKA) But here is one already receipted. Say no more about it.

Nanka. How can I express my gratitude?

La D. Wiz ze kiss.

Bends over to kiss her—CLARA *appears at window and coughs*—LA D. *stands back abashed*—CLARA *disappears.*

La D. Ah, zat stupit mait!

Nanka. That was a bad break for us.

La D. Vell, I vill take leaf, my lof. (*stoops and kisses her hand*) Au revoir.

Nanka. Au revoir. (*exit,* LA D., C.

Nanka. That was real clever, Nanka. Monsieur was an easy victim.

Enter, CLARA, C.

Clara. Signor Nicolette has been waiting in the garden for the last ten minutes. I did not want to interrupt your pleasant tete-a-tete. (*exit* C.

Enter, SIGNOR NICOLETTE, C.

Sig. N. Goode evening, laty.

Nanka. Why, Signor, I am so rejoiced to see you.

Sig. N. I waita a longa time i' the garten.

Nanka. Oh, I beg your pardon. My costumer was here and I was giving him some directions about a costume which he is making for me.

Sig. N. Vera vell. You getta nota?

Nanka. Oh, yes. Come, be seated.

(*seat themselves on sofa*

Sig. N. I no sanda nota, but vera hard uppa. Mona tight

Nanka. I am glad I have given you an opportunity to call.

Sig. N. I gladda have opportuna to call.

Nanka. Then the flame of our friendship has not waned.

Sig. N. I guessa not.

Nanka. We were good friends, were we not?

Sig. N. Vera gooda frinz.

Nanka. I sometimes thought there was a warmer feeling than that of mere friendship existing between us, and therefore I have decided to ask you a question which only this year—leap year—is it my privilege to ask. I have always adored sunny Italy and her bronzed children.

Sig. N. De grandest countra in alle worlt!

Nanka. I love your country Signor, and what is more, I love—you!

Sig. N. Miou! miou! de Americano always quicka—in hurra! Everything alla breve! even in lof.

Nanka. Yes; we are self-styled hustlers. But, Signor, is my love in vain? Have I no hope?

Sig. N. Oh, you maka gooda wife. I taka you.

Nanka. Then I am the happiest woman in the world! (*embrace*

Sig. N. Getta married soon?

Nanka. We will elope to-night!

Sig. N. Skippa?

Nanka. Yes. Be here at a quarter past seven. Enter the house unperceived. You are small of stature. Could you not get in a trunk and have some of your employes bring you here?

Sig. N. Gooda idea! Gooda idea!

Nanka. All right. You will not have long to remain in the trunk. When you see me enter the room you can come from your hiding place and we will fly together.

Sig. N. I go righta way and maka plana. (*both rise*

Nanka. You must not forget your bill.

Sig. N. (*producing folded paper*) Here receipted billa. I collecta kiss and calla square. (*they kiss*—SIG. *starts for door*) Gooda-bye! gooda-bye! (*exit*, SIG. N., C.

Nanka. Goo-bye! Thank Heaven! My plans worked well and here are the spoils of the victories. (*flourishes receipted bills*) I will have to explain all to Clara. Her curiosity is, no doubt, greatly aroused by this time. I

must take the girl into my confidence. (*looks at watch*) Only a short time remains to don my traveling dress. Oh, I am so happy! (*exit* L.

Enter, NED, C.

Ned. Almost seven. Gosh! I've been hustling! The papers won't be at a loss for full particulars of this runaway. I wonder where she is. It's rather warm in here. I'll just step into the garden and wait for her there.
(*exit* R.—*stage dark—soft, low music*

Enter, PAT, *cautiously by window—he gazes around.*

Pat. Duffy, you're a brick!
(*conceals himself under table—music as before*

Enter, YOHANN, L.—*business of looking around.*

Yohann. Shermany vos captured der cake, aint it? (*conceals himself under sofa*) Dis vos gomfortable, I dond't tink! (*music*

Enter. LA D., C.—*looks around room.*

La D. Vive la France! (*hides behind screen*

Enter, two employes with trunk—deposit it R. *and exit* C.

Sig. N. (*raising trunk lid*) Let the organne play!
Yohann. Dunder und blitzen! I vill smuther off she dond't got here soon!
Pat. Faith, an' I wondther phot in thunder thim ither fellers be wantin'.
Sig. N. (*raising trunk lid*) Must hava air!
Pat. Begob, an' phot's thot in ther trunk? Shure, an' Oi'd swar' I saw ther lid move. It's aloive—it must be!
Yohann. I vish I hat von off dose elegdric fans!
Pat. Oi'd swar' be me troth thar's a dutchman under thot sofa! Are yez thor, Sweitzer? (LA D. *looks over screen,* SIG. N. *from trunk*) Holy Moses! a frog-atin' Frinchmin behoind the scrane, and an Oitalyun in ther thrunk!
La D. It ees queer. Zis ees indeet queer! She do not coome!
Pat. Be jabers, and his nibs must be lookin' fer a woman. too!

Sig. N. (*raising trunk lid and wiping brow*) Hotta! Coulda roasta peanutta in here!

Pat. Ah thar, Dago!

PAT *tilts table and dishes fall off*—LA D *topples over screen*

Yohann. Murter! murter!

SIG. N. *leaps out of trunk*—PAT *crawls from under table, getting tangled in cover*—CLARA *rushes in* L.

Pat.
Yohann.
La D.
Sig. N. } Darling!

Clara. One at a time, gents!

Pat. Phot! The divil!

La D. Not mamzelle! Where ees she?

Sig. N. De signora! She gona come?

Clara. Not much! You're all left! You fellows are not in it!

Pat. Shure, an' phot d'yez mane?

La D. Explain! explain!

Clara. Nanka has played you! She thanks you all for those little souvenirs of the happy hour, and shall treasure them dearly. She has skipped to Canada with Ned Centline. If you fellows raise a racket, Centline will give you away in the papers, and you will be the laughing stock of the country. Oh! you fellows are slow!

Pat. Ther desaving witch! she didn't marry me!

La D. Nor me!

Sig. N. Norra me!

Yohann. Me also, too! Vor pity's sake, shendlemens, helb me oud off dis! I vos stuck me fast und dond't gould hardly breathe! Gwick! gwick! (*struggling*

Pat. Begora, an' it's ther poor dutchman! Are yez thor, Sweitzer?

Yohann. Do you tink I vos some places avay? I vill stay here off you dond't helb me oud!

Clara. Come, Duffy, let us help the poor fellow out.

CLARA *raises one end of sofa*—PAT *grabs* YOHANN *by the feet and drags him out.*

Yohann. (*getting to his feet*) Olles recht!
(*mopes brow with bandana*

Sig. N. (*to* CLARA) You nica girl. I marra you.
Pat. Put ther dago out! Oi'll marry her mesilf!
Yohann. Gif me some shows!
La D. Maybe ze mait prefer me.
Clara. Wait a moment, gents; I'll be back. (*exit* L.
Sig. N. You fellas no gooda! Skippa!
(*points to door*
Pat. Put ther dago out!
(*they all grab* SIG. N. *and put him out* C.

Enter, CLARA, L., *with broom.*

La D. Come, Clara, skip wiz me. You shall be happy.
Clara. Now, you fellows git! (*drives them out* C. *with broom—to audience*) I'm never happy unless plying broom or brush.

CURTAIN.

The Spellin' Skewl

—OR,—

Friday Afternoon at Deestrick No. 4.

An Original Burlesque in one scene, by Bert Richards. for 7 male and 6 female characters. Below is the SYNOPSIS.

Noon at the Skewl House in Deestrick No. 4. Pupils playing "Needles Eye." Kittie and Patsy Bolivar. "He shan't kiss me." Bub in trouble. "I want t' g'wout 'n' teeter with Sallie Waters." Hokey Pokey. The Yaller Crick Deest. ick. Intry, mintry, cutry, corn. Trouble begins. "Cry baby, cry baby." "Teacher's comin'." Skewl commences. The Yankee school-master. Roll call. The tell-tale. "That's th' fergitfulest critter in th' hul skewl." Toot Smith and S'mantha Jones' encounter with Skinner's old black sheep. "Teacher aint you glad he didn't eat us up?" Patsy making faces at the girls. The swimming hole. Patsy's denial. "Did too, did too, did, did, did." "If he's drounded tell him never to do so agin—as it were." Teacher sits on a pin. "'Twas Patsy Bolivar! 'twas Patsy!" Bub Jones and the pincher bug. Hopper toad in the dinner pail. Picture on the blackboard. Pinkey Smith's a blushin'." The paper wad. Barney Dacey: "Patsy tied me clothes in harrud knots, be gob." Patsy abused 'cause he's a orphing. The changed shirts. How Barney's nose got hurt. Patsy is made a "shinin' example." Dunce block. "Boo-hoo-oo-oo, Patsy is goin' t' git licked!" Geography lesson. "Who diskivered th' arth?" "'Twas Patsy Bolivar." Teacher's explanation how Christina sailed across the ocean. Her arrival at Castle Garden and interview with Hiawatha the mayor of Noo York, who says: "We're diskivered." Passing the water. Patsy's whistle. "No wax chawin in this skewl allowed." Patsy and the yellow-jacket; teacher has no use for it. Another whistle. Choosing sides for the spelling match. The quarrel. Bub goes out to teeter. Patsy's mischief. Bub and the barrel. Patsy drops barrel over the teacher's head, gets on top and blows horn. "Skewl's out! Skewl's out!"

Nanka's Leap Year Venture.

A Commedietta in One Scene, by Shettle and George, for 5 male and 2 female characters. Costumes to suit charactars. Time of performance 40 minutes. A good play.

Pomp Green's Snakes.

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Arthur Eustace;

—OR—

A MOTHER'S LOVE.

A Temperance Drama in 5 Acts, by J. W. J. Todd, for 10 male and 4 female characters. Costumes modern, and time of performance 2 hours.

SYNOPSIS.

ACT I. *Scene First.* Home of Mr. Eustace. Interview between Mr. Eustace and Mr. Gordon, the saloon-keeper. Mr. Eustace signs contract in which his building is to be used as a saloon. Hans, the Dutchman. The temperance women at work. Mrs. Eustace pleads with her husband to break his contract with Mr. Gordon. The disappointment. Arthur and Edith. Hans, the Dutchman, "Is dot so?" Mrs. Eustace's appeal to the saloon keeper. Mr. Gordon's resolve. Arthur sent on errand. "My boy in a saloon! oh, Robert you will break my heart." Hans brings Arthur in drunk. Maud and Edith discover him. "Drunk, dead drunk!" Dispair of Mrs. Eustace.

ACT II. *Scene First.* Pat, the Frenchman. Mr. Markly, Edith's lover. Pat and the rag baby—his advice to Edith. Pat's story. The proposal. "You better see father." Arthur's joke. The milliner's bill. *Scene Second.* Arthur and Pat. The note. Pat's description of Maud. The answer. "My worst fears realized; I'll try and forget her." *Scene Third.* Mr. Markly accepted as Edith's future husband. Arthur late to dinner. Pat tells how Arthur's note was received by Maud. Arthur returns home drunk—Is turned out of the house by his father. "If my boy is turned out of doors his mother goes with him."

ACT III. *Scene First.* Gordon's saloon. Hans as bartender. "No more liquor for Arthur Enstace at this bar." Jimmy Brown tends bar and goes to sleep. Arthur enters saloon. A broken promise. The fight. Arthur arrested. *Scene Second.* The bribe. "No pity for a drunkard." Mrs. Eustace in the saloon. Hans and Mr. Gordon. *Scene Third.* Arthur in prison. A visit from his mother. Arthur renews his promise. Mr. Eustace, "Let the scoundrel alone." "Go, mother, I cannot keep my promise now." "Arthur, my son, goodbye." *Scene Fourth.* Gordon's determination. Hans and the wheelbarrow. "Dot baby of Han's." The whisky jug. Gordon and Hans. The ride in the wheelbarrow.

ACT IV. *Scene First.* Mr. Gordon and Edith. "I will never marry a saloon-keeper." Gordon's promise. "Bring Arthur back a sober man and I will be your wife." The stolen money. Arthur a burglar. Hans discovers Arthur. Supposed death of Hans. "Oh God, at last I am a murderer."

ACT V. *Scene First.* Arthur's birthday. "We are paupers." The faithful servant. Arrival of Richard Markly. News of Arthur. Arthur and his wife arrive. The welcome. "My loved and true friend, Harry Gordon." The promise of Edith. Markly's dispair. Harry Gordon releases Edith from her promise. "Take her, Markly, you are the most worthy." Pat to the front. A happy ending to "A Mother's Love."

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WILD MAB.

A Border Drama in Four Acts by Minnie Polson; 6 male and 2 female characters. Time of performance 1-45. Costumes to suit characters. **Price 15 Cents.**

SYNOPSIS.

ACT I. *Scene 1st.* Parlor in Mr. Evans' Western home—Mr. Evans and Bert Allen. Bert Allen goes in search of Mr. Evans' lost daughter. *Scene 2d.* Cabin at Devil's Camp. Interview between Jane, an old hag, and Jack Thorn—The quarrel—Wild Mab and "Down went McGinty"—Cold water and Jack Thorn do not agree. The threat—"Coward!" "Mab, for God's sake, don't shoot!" Sambo and the ghost. Jack attempts to shoot Sambo. Mab's pistol always ready to protect the helpless. *Scene 3d.* Night at the cabin. Arrival of Bert Allen. Thorn's intention to murder Allen. Mab warns Allen of his danger—"Dead men tell no tales!" Mab to the rescue. "Fly for your life, and the heart of Wild Mab goes with you!" Sambo makes his appearance—tableau.

ACT II. *Scene 1st.* Wood Scene. Allen and Mab—The kiss. Mab's command and soliloquy—Mab overhears conversation between Jack Thorn and Pete Hart—Attempt to be made to trap Mab—Sambo reveals to Mab how she came to be an inmate of Devil's Camp—she swears vengeance on Jack Thorn. Jack attempts to shoot Sambo. Mab's arrival—"Shoot him if you dare!" *Scene 2d.* Night in the woods. Sambo tells a little incident of his school days. Allen as Pat, who is going to help Pete trap Mab. *Scene 2d.* Cabin Mab and Jane. Jack's offer of marriage refused. The curse of Mab Evans—The abduction of Mab.

ACT III. *Scene 1st.* Mab a prisoner. Jack unties her hands—Mab shows her temper. Pete and Mab—"Oh, merciful heaven, I have killed him!" Arrival of Pat and Sambo—Mab's flight—Pat and Sambo start for Mr. Evans' home. *Scene 2d.* Mab in the woods. Death of her horse. Continued flight. Sambo and Pat in pursuit. *Scene 3d.* Home of Mr. Evans. Mab at home—Her plea for protection—Father and daughter. Her fears concerning Pete's death. Good news. A little plot.

ACT IV. *Scene 1st.* Devil's camp. Trouble between Jack and Pete. Arrival of Mab and officers—Arrest of Jack, Jane and Pete. *Scene 2d.* Mab at home—Her heart disease. The letter. Pat throws off disguise. Mab's surprise—"Unconditional surrender!" Happy ending.

Love In All Corners.

A Laughable Interlude in 1 Act and 1 Scene, by G. W. Douglas, for 5 male and 3 female characters. Costumes modern. Time in representation, 30 minutes.

SYNOPSIS.

The lovers. "Hush!" Till supper time. "Can't stay there any longer!"—Out goes the light—"Take it, then!"—Housed again—Adieu—"By Jupiter!" "Yes, as I live." A mischievous hussy—"Am I awake?" "Can you forgive me?" "Are you going to fight?" "Why was I tempted out?" Asking Simon—A couple of cowards—"I saw two men coming toward us."—The man under the table. "What's a groan?" Robbers in the house—"You fool, why don't you speak?"—The one with the cocked hat. "We're gone, sure!" "Thieves! murder! help!" "Seven, I counted!" Quake does the backing—"Where do they get the brimstone" United again—'Tis here!""Let's sup and be merry!"Good night. **Price 15c.**

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274	Family Jars	5	2
209	Goose with the Golden Eggs	5	3
13	Give Me My Wife	3	3
66	Hans, the Dutch J. P.	3	1
271	Hans Brummel's Cafe	5	0
116	Hash	4	2
120	H. M. S. Plum	1	1
103	How Sister Paxey got her Child Baptized	2	1
50	How She has Own Way	1	3
140	How He Popped the Quest'n.	1	1
74	How to Tame M-in-Law	4	2
35	How Stout Your Getting	5	2
47	In the Wrong Box	3	0
95	In the Wrong Clothes	5	3
11	John Smith	5	3
99	Jumbo Jum	4	3
82	Killing Time	1	1
182	Kittie's Wedding Cake	1	3
127	Lick Skillet Wedding	2	2
228	Lauderbach's Little Surprise	3	0
106	Lodgings for Two	3	0
139	Matrimonial Bliss	1	1
231	Match for a Mother-in-Law	2	2
235	More Blunders than one	4	3
69	Mother's Fool	6	1
158	Mr. Hudson's Tiger Hunt	1	1
23	My Heart's in Highlands	4	3
208	My Precious Betsey	4	4
212	My Turn Next	4	3
32	My Wife's Relations	4	4

NO.		M	F
186	My Day and Now-a-Days	0	1
273	My Neighbor's Wife	3	3
44	Obedience	1	2
244	Old Clothes	3	0
33	On the Sly	3	2
246	Othello	4	1
57	Paddy Miles' Boy	5	2
217	Patent Washing Machine	4	1
165	Persecuted Dutchman	6	3
195	Poor Pilicody	2	3
258	Prof. Bones' Latest Invention	5	0
159	Quiet Family	4	4
171	Rough Diamond	4	3
180	Ripples		0
267	Room 44	2	0
48	Schnaps	1	1
138	Sewing Circle of Period	0	5
115	S. H. A. M. Pinafore	3	3
55	Somebody's Nobody	3	2
243	Sports on a Lark	3	0
232	Stage Struck Yankee	4	2
238	Strawberry Shortcake	2	0
270	Slick and Skinner	5	0
1	Slasher and Crasher	5	2
137	Taking the Census	1	1
40	That Mysterious B'dle	2	2
245	Ticket Taker	3	0
38	The Bewitched Closet	5	2
131	The Cigarette	4	2
101	The Coming Man	3	1
167	Turn Him Out	3	2
68	The Sham Professor	4	0
54	The Two T. J's	4	2
253	The Best Cure	4	1
28	Thirty-three Next Birthday	4	2
142	Tit for Tat	2	1
276	The Printer and His Devils	3	1
263	Trials of a Country Editor	6	2
7	The Wonderful Telephone	3	1
269	Unjust Justice	6	2
213	Vermont Wool Dealer	5	3
151	Wanted a Husband	2	1
56	Wooing Under Difficulties	5	3
70	Which will he Marry	2	8
135	Widower's Trials	4	5
147	Waking Him Up	1	2
155	Why they Joined the Reboccas	0	4
111	Yankee Duelist	3	1
157	Yankee Peddler	7	3
ETHIOPIAN FARCES.			
204	Academy of Stars	6	0
15	An Unhappy Pair	1	1
172	Black Shoemaker	4	2
98	Black Statue	4	2
222	Colored Senators	3	0
214	Chops	3	0
145	Cuff's Luck	2	1
190	Crimps Trip	5	0
249	Double Election	9	1
27	Fetter Lane to Gravesend	2	0
230	Hamlet the Dainty	6	1
153	Haunted House	2	0

Ames' Plays---Continued.

NO.		M.	F.
	ETHIOPIAN FARCES—CONT'UED.		
24	Handy Andy	2	0
236	Hypochondriac The	2	0
247	Incompatibility of Temper	1	2
77	Joe's Vis t	2	1
88	Mischievous Nigger	4	2
256	Midnight Colic	2	1
128	Musical Darkey	2	0
259	Nobody's Moke	5	2
90	No Cure No Pay	3	1
61	Not as Deaf as He Seems	3	0
234	Old Dad's Cabin	2	1
150	Old Pompey	1	1
109	Other People's Children	3	2
134	Pomp's Pranks	2	0
177	Quarrel ome Servants	3	0
96	Rooms to Let	2	1
107	School	5	0
133	Seeing Bosting	3	0
179	Sham Doctor	3	3
94	16,000 Years Ago	3	0
25	Sport with a Sportsman	2	0
92	Stage Struck Darkey	2	1
241	Struck by Lightning	2	2
10	Stocks Up, Stocks Down	2	0
64	That Boy Sam	3	1
252	That Awful Carpet Bag	3	3
122	The Select School	5	0
118	The Popcorn Man	3	1
6	The Studio	3	0
108	Those Awful Boys	5	0
4	Twain's Dodging	3	1
197	Tricks	5	2
198	Uncle Jeff	5	2
170	U. S. Mail	2	2
216	Vice Versa	3	1
206	Villkens and Dinah	4	1
210	Virginia Mummy	6	1
203	Who Stole the Chickens	1	1
205	William Tell	4	0
156	Wig-Maker and His Servants	3	0
	GUIDE BOOKS.		
17	Hints on Elocution		
130	Hints to Amateurs		
	CANTATA.		
215	On to Victory	4	6
	TABLEAUX.		
250	Festival of Days		
	PANTOMIME.		
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